This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06730250 9

No
Work

Trans
2

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

Translations.

VOLUME II.

HOMER.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD, FOR JOHN LAVAL, PHILADELPHIA; JAMES EASTBURN, NEW-YORK; AND CHARLES EWER & TIMOTHY BEDLINGTON, BOSTON.

I. Ashmead & Co. Printers.

1822.

HOMER.

Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.

Iliad Book XXII.

PAINTED BY RICHT COOK. ENGRAVED BY G. & E. ADAMS.

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER;

TRANSLATED

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD, FOR JOHN LAVAL, PHILADELPHIA; JAMES EASTBURN, NEW-YORK; AND CHARLES EWER & TIMOTHY BEDLINGTON, BOSTON.

I. Ashmead & Co. Printers.

1822.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

THE Greeks having retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel; and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack: in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

While thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse the' ill-fated works arose;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.
Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;

The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
The god of ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again.
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm:
His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground.
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.

Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
"O thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
O may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering pow'r,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour."
This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid.
Next him, the bravest, at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
  Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
  While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
The' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd,
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain,
No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
Swift through the wall their horse and chariots past,
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.

Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following host with clamours rend the skies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Œnomaus and Thoön close the rear:
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
E'en when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd the' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:

To save the fleet, their last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.
As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below;
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky show'r;
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With shame repuls'd, w th grief and fury driven,
The frantic Asius thus accuses heaven:
"In powers immortal who shall now believe?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive!
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike the' assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?"
These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To god-like Hector and his matchless might
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tried,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide; [heard,
Through the long walls the stony showers were
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
The spirit of a god my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

E'en yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel,
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen visor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore!
The warrior sinks tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death;
First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword:
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke;
Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.
Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the further bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heaven with cries:
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke:
"How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.

To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain:
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event:
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise;
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies."
  To him then Hector with disdain return'd:
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
"Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:
Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward counsels would thy madness move
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading sign, the' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring god,
These shall I slight? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heaven obey.
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:

Though all our chiefs amidst yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice to escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,
My javelin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."
Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide;
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend:
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulse every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
"Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.

Urge those who stand; and those who faint, exci
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again."
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are se
And one bright waste hides all the works of me
The circling seas, alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall:
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend:
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks wo
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field; [yi
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were rol
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile go
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian ban
So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's br
Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:

ı vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
nd shepherds gall him with an iron war;
egardless, furious, he pursues his way;
e foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
esolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
ith generous rage that drives him on the foes.
e views the towers, and meditates their fall,
ɔ sure destruction dooms the' aspiring wall;
ıen casting on his friend an ardent look,
r'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:
"Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign
here Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
ır numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
nd hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
ır foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
ır feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
hy on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
lmir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
ıless great acts superior merit prove,
ıd vindicate the bounteous powers above.
is ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
ıe first in valour, as the first in place;
ıat when with wondering eyes our martial bands
hold our deeds transcending our commands,
ch, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
hom those that envy dare not imitate!
uld all our care elude the gloomy grave,
hich claims no less the fearful than the brave,
r lust of fame I should not vainly dare
fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
ıt since, alas! ignoble age must come,
sease, and death's inexorable doom,
ıe life, which others pay, let us bestow,
ıd give to fame what we to nature owe;
ave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
let us glory gain, or glory give!"
He said; his words the listening chief inspire
ith equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;

The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd to avert the approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with the' Ajaces stood,
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all ground.
Then thus to Thoös:—"Hence with speed (he said)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe."
Swift, at the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
"Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (said Thoös) Peteus' son demands;
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow
To share the danger, and repel the foe."

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
"Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight;
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—"
Then, with his sevenfold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers:
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in the' unequal fight:
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first the' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave the' unwieldy burden from the plain:
He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high;
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,

Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his heig
Retir'd reluctant from the' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering soun
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies:
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And through his buckler drove the trembling wo
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charm
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
"O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boa
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all."
This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew;
They join, they thicken, and the' assault renew:
Unmov'd the' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war;

Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds, [bounds;
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their
They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch of the contended field;
Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall:
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound.
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries.
"Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!"
They hear, they run; and gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men the' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
The' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then thundering through the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEP ASSISTS THE GREEKS; THE ACTS OF IDOMENEU

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upc ing the fortification forced by Hector, (who had enter gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape o chas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, i form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greek had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troc a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Tr Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losir spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the t Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between thos warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomenei nalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against hin at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas a to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, bu first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polyd meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The sc between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

When now the thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host,
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.
Meantime the monarch of the wat'ry main
Observ'd the thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.

There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sat; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins;
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
The' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay:
The father of the floods pursues his way:
Where, like a tempest darkening Heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
The' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:

To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The Heavens re-echo, and the shores reply:
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.
  But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most the' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
  "'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone:
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire:
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain."
  Then with his sceptre, that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

The' inspiring god Oïleus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
"Some god, my friend, some god in human fo
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storn
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
E'en now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!"
"With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart:
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet."
Full of the god that urg'd their burning brea
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspir'd
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before the' impending storm they lie
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hou
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoäs, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, the' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes:
"Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth, and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:

ıo—the glorious combat you disclaim,
one black day clouds all her former fame.
vens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
:en, unthought, till this amazing day!
ve at length from Troy's oft conquer'd bands
falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
ut undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
born to glories of the dusty plain;
frighted fawns from hill to hill pursued,
ey to every savage of the wood:
l these, so late who trembled at your name,
de your camps, involve your ships in flame?
ange so shameful, say what cause has wrought?
soldiers' baseness, or the general's fault?
s! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
purchase infamy, and life the price?
not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
:her's is the crime, but yours the shame.
ıt that our chief offend through rage or lust,
: you be cowards, if your king's unjust?
ent this evil, and your country save:
ll thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
k, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
ste no anger, for they feel no shame:
you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
ıeart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
y more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
ndless infamy, on instant death:
lo! the fated time, the' appointed shore:
:! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
:tuous Hector thunders at the wall;
hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall."
ıese words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
listening armies catch the godlike fire.
l at his post was each bold Ajax found,
ı well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he [prov'd,
Resistless when he rag'd, and, when he stopp'd, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
"Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array:
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower;

For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms."
He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast:
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide;)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand.
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear.
The Greek, retreating, mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt, remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Allied the warrior to the house of Troy)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms he came,
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled.

He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimacus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of the' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimacus, sad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms; Oileus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.
The god of ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete.
His pensive brow the generous care express'd
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issued from his tent

Fierce for the fight: to whom the god begun,
In Thoäs voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:
"Where's now the' imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?
To whom the king: "On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains:
'Tis heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest."
Thus he: and thus the god whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
"Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor e'en this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight."
This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe the' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of heaven declares,
Or terrifies the' offending world with wars;

In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies:
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful as the monarch flash'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: "Ever best of friends!
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of the' approaching day."
"O prince! (Meriones replies) whose care
Leads forth the' embattled sons of Crete to war;
This speaks my grief: this headless lance I wield;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield."
To whom the Cretan; "Enter and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all)
That shed a lustre round the' illumin'd wall,
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim the' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps, the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold."
"Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils:
But those my ship contains; whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee."
To this, Idomeneus; "The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
E'en then thy courage would not lag behind.

In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confess'd.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes:
A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part;
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
"In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
To' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back."
Swift at the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man)
Terror, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyans, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.

So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: " Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend."
" Not in the centre (Idomen replied,)
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there,
Skill'd or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on the' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die."
He said; and Merion to the' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace,
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;

Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of heaven with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In war and discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong: the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats gray,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of the' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breastplate to repel the wound:

His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
  The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
" And thus (he cried) behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on further methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say."
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
  This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the further side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd axe, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.

Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.
  Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collected in defensive shade.
O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
E'en then the spear the vigorous arm confess'd,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast:
Warm'd, in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
  "Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries,)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade."
  Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.
  Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe whom heaven and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathous in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire;
His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care:
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart
With beauty, sense, and every work of art:
He once of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.

By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet
His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
While the winds sleep; his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the ponderous stroke his corslet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:
"Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd of a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince, was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons, I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the main:
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line."
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:
For him in Troy's remotest lines he sought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.

m, ambitious of so great an aid,
old Deïphobus approach'd, and said:
low, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms.
thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
hous dies, thy brother and thy friend!
, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
ith his cares thy early youth was train'd,
able fed you, and one roof contain'd.
leed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
, and revenge it on the' insulting foe."
eas heard, and for a space resign'd
nder pity all his manly mind;
rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
Greek awaits him, with collected might.
e fell boar on some rough mountains head,
l with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
ds the tumult, and expects the war:
is bent back the bristly horrors rise,
stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
aming tusks both dogs and men engage;
ost his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
od Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
net the Trojan with a louring look.
chus, Deïpyrus, were near,
outhful offspring of the god of war,
n, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
ese the warrior sent his voice around.
ows in arms! your timely aid unite;
reat Æneas rushes to the fight:
g from a god, and more than mortal bold;
sh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
hould this hand, this hour, decide the strife.
reat dispute, of glory, or of life."
spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;
lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
d the chief. Æneas too demands
ssisting forces of his native bands:

Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor, join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all the' embodied train,
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads:
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest, two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Œnomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke;
The forceful spear his hollow corslet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And, furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course,
In standing fight he yet maintain; his force;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps, he drags from off the field,

eïphobus beheld him as he past,
, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast:
: javelin err'd, but held its course along,
l pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young;
: son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
l gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.
or knew the furious father of his fall;
h-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
golden clouds the' immortal synod sat;
ain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
ow, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
phobus to seize his helmet flies,
l from his temples rends the glittering prize;
iant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
l on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
: hollow helmet rings against the plain.
st as a vulture leaping on his prey,
m his torn arm the Grecian rent away
: reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
wounded brother good Polites tends;
und his waist his pious arms he threw,
l from the rage of combat gently drew:
l his swift coursers, on his splendid car,
t from the lessening thunder of the war;
Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
l sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.
leanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
ps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.
l Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
oward the chief he turn'd his daring head,
pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depress'd
eath his helmet, nods upon his breast;
shield revers'd o'er the fallen warrior lies;
everlasting slumber seals his eyes.

Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vien, that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
The' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger sought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind;
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of the' eluded foe:
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters tied,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick as ebbing life decays.
The spear the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view

t brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
r Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
smote his temples with an arm so strong,
helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
re, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
dark in death the godlike owner lies!
ing with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns
t shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw:
l this stood adverse with the bended bow:
l on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
harmless bounded from the plated steel.
on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
e winds collected at each open door)
ile the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
ht leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
ell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
ides, watchful of the unwary foe,
re'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow.
l nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
il'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand:
good Agenor gently from the wound
spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
ling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
once the tent and ligature supplied.
lehold! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
ings through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
at Menelaüs: To enhance thy fame,
h-towering in the front, the warrior came.
t the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
lance far distant by the winds was blown.
pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
nder's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
so discourag'd, to the future blind,
dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;

Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said:
"Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear,
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd;
A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without the' assistance, or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town. [down,
O thou, great father! lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man, supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe?
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measures, cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
E'en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight."

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew.
Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war:
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And unreveng'd deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:

He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent:
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field:)
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er the' Achaian bands;
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he that shakes the solid earth gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where the' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
Where late in fight both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and the' Epæan force;
But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas, led;
Bias and great Menestheus at their head,
Meges the strong the' Epæan bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold:
The Phthians, Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' son: and that (Oïleus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stolen embrace;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce step-dame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain)

These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.
Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes followed through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' sevenfold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with the' incessant slaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave associate grace:
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground
Thus in the van the Telamonian train,
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain:
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
"Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to [lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;

But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous gods have given,
Seek not alone to' engross the gifts of Heaven.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain?
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?
Here cease thy fury: and, the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!"
The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.
"To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day."
This said, the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.

Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear:
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, the impatient chief reprov'd:
"Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and the intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from the' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruin shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all."
When Paris thus; "My brother and my freind,
Thy warm impatience makes my tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer,
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires;
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:

What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the gods alone."
These words the hero's angry mind assuage
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest ra
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,
Palmus, with Polypœtus the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind sprir
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wing
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest swee
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
The' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to th
shore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man alon
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field;
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd e'en the stro
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his l
Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive shook
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defied:
"Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbe
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:

The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long unmeasur'd ruin round.
The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain
E'en thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
E'en thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame."
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy replied:
"From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore."
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the' echoing plain;
A shout that tore heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

NESTOR, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands: to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks; Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BOOK XIV.

ır the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul,
ırtled ears the increasing cries attend;
hus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
hat new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
mix'd events attend this mighty day?
how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
ow come full, and thicken to the fleet!
with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
ecamede the strengthening bath prepare.
h thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
I the' adventures of the day explore."
aid: and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
aliant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
day the son his father's buckler bore)
match'd a lance, and issued from the door.
s the prospect open'd to his view,
unded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
isarray! the tumult of the fight.

The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last:
Yet, as he moves, the sight his bosom warms,
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host address'd:
"O grace and glory of the' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?"
Gerenian Nestor then: "So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the' aërial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.

The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
E'en to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought
In such distress; if counsel profit aught:
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls incite,
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: "That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust;
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Pass'd are the days when happier Greece was bless'd,
And all his favour, all his aid confess'd;
Now heaven averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun."
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
"What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart?
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it e'en from him whose sovereign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee."
"Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast;
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold."
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
"Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Œnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold sons was generous Prothous bless'd,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpast
The rest in courage) Œneus was the last.
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;

The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,
Let each go forth and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war."
He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Press'd in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
"Atrides! lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But heaven forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy."
He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew,
And sent his voice before him as he flew,

Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.
  Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.
  Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all the aërial way:
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:

Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fallen snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome the' imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.
"How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)
Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?"
"Let heaven's dread empress (Cytheræa said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd."
"Then grant me (said the queen) those conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heaven with sacred fires!
"For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And, what my youth has ow'd, repay their age!"
She said. With awe divine, the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid:
"Take this, and with it all thy wish;" she said.
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling press'd
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
"Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O power of slumbers! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please."
"Imperial dame (the balmy power replies,)
Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?

Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand;
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore:
Great Jove, awaking, shook the bless'd abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings dis-
play'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
E'en Jove rever'd the venerable dame."
"Vain are thy fears (the queen of heaven replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes;)
Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize:
For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine."
"Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind the' invoking gods:
Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main:
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine."
The queen assents, and from the' infernal bowers
Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,
And those who rule the' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil;

Through air, unseen, involv'd in darkness gl
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide;
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nc
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from s
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The god, whose lightning sets the heavens o
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her cl
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with tra
spoke:
"Why comes my goddess from the' ethere
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh
Then she—"I haste to those remote abode
Where the great parents of the deathless go
The reverend Ocean and gray Tethys, reign
On the last limits of the land and main,
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years:
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease
Which held so long this ancient pair in peac
The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through the' aërial
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave the' Olympian bowe
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells

ı my soul so strong a passion prove,
earthly, or a heavenly love:
ı I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
rose Pirithous like the gods in fame:
ı fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
ıto life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
I burn'd for either Theban dame:
from this, from that Alcides came)
ıix' daughter, beautiful and young,
godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
:lier Ceres' more majestic grace.
e'en for thyself I felt desire
ny veins receive the pleasing fire."
ke; the goddess with the charming eyes
th celestial red, and thus replies:
ı scene for love? On Ida's height,
to mortal and immortal sight;
profan'd by each familiar eye;
t of heaven, and fable of the sky:
I I e'er review the bless'd abodes,
nong the senate of the gods?
ıt think, that, with disorder'd charms,
:n beholds me recent from thy arms?
l divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
ı love and to the genial hour;
y will, to that recess retire,
et there indulge thy soft desire."
as'd; and, smiling with superior love,
wer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
l, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,
'ith clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
:he sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
ıe broad eye the' extended earth surveys."

Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round
At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppre
The panting thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god:
"Now, Neptune! now, the' important hour e
ploy,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shec
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes."
Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus——"Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fire:
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.

if glory any bosom warms,
ı your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
ngest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
liant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
ıe weak the lighter arms belong,
ıderous targe be wielded by the strong.
n'd, not Hector shall our presence stay;
ye Greeks! myself will lead the way."
oops assent; their martial arms they change:
y chiefs their banded legions range.
gs, though wounded, and oppress'd with
pain,
lpless hands themselves assist the train.
ng and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
ıker warrior takes a lighter shield.
eath'd in shining brass, in bright array
ions march, and Neptune leads the way:
dish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
ıtning flashing through the frighted skies.
is might, the earth-shaking power appears;
rtals tremble, and confess their fears.
ı great defender stands alone unaw'd,
ı proud host, and dares oppose a god:
the god, and wondrous man, appear:
's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
ing main, at her great master's call.
huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores,
ıies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.
so loud the bellowing deeps resound
ormy winds disclose the dark profound;
l the winds that from the' Æolian hall
ough the woods and make whole forests fall;
l the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
e dry mountain, and its shades devour:
:h a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
ı a clamour shakes the sounding Heaven.

The first bold javelin, urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his swor
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone up-heaving from the sand,
(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's fe
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flin
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descend
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the groun
As when the bolt, red hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur ris
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of the' almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slai
All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line.
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.

His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the meads enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
"Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart,
Propp'd on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!"
He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;

The foe, reclining, shun'd the flying death;
But fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart;
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will, it fled
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

"Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
(The towering Ajax loud insulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage know
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son."

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—"Such fate attends you al
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate."

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian hos
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care:
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)

his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
m the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
rough the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
his miserable arms in vain!
s broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
m the spouting shoulders struck his head;
h at once the head and helmet fly;
ce, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,
tor seiz'd; and, as aloft he shook
ry visage, thus insulting spoke:
jans! your great Ilioneus behold!
o his father let the tale be told:
high roofs resound with frantic wo,
the house of Promachus must know;
eful tidings greet his mother's ear,
to Promachus' sad spouse we bear,
re victorious shall to Greece return,
pale matron in our triumphs mourn."
lful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
ojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
they gaze around the fleet and wall,
ad the ruin that impends on all.
hters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
eholding, all-recording nine!
hen Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
hief, what hero first embrued the field!
e Grecians what immortal name,
ose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to fame?
first, great Ajax! on the ensanguin'd plain
rtius, leader of the Mysian train.
and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew.
rion, Morys and Hippotion slew.
Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
cer's arrows mingled with the dead:
in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
ple's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
darkness wrapt the warrior round,
fierce soul came rushing through the wound.

But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chace.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

JUPITER, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submission; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular, she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
nany a chief lay gasping on the ground:
stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
while, awaken'd from his dream of love,
a's summit sat imperial Jove:
l the wide fields he cast a careful view,
saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
'midst the war, the monarch of the main.
r, great Hector on the dust he spies,
ad associates round with weeping eyes)
ng blood, and panting yet for breath,
nses wandering to the verge of death.
od beheld him with a pitying look,
hus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno spoke:
thou, still adverse to the' eternal will,
er studious in promoting ill!
rts have made the godlike Hector yield,
riven his conquering squadrons from the field.
thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
ower immense, and brave the' almighty hand?
hou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
the vast concave of the spangled sky,

I hung thee trembling in a golden chain,
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from the' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toss'd
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull the' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love."
The thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
"By every oath that powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed?
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
To help his Greeks, he fought and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the sire of Heaven."
"Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the skies!
(The' immortal father with a smile replies!)
Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on the' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from the' embattled plain
Command the sea-god to his wat'ry reign:

· Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare
e afresh, and once more wake the war,
bouring bosom re-inspires with breath,
alls his senses from the verge of death.
e chas'd by Troy, e'en to Achilles' fleet,
fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
ot untouch'd with pity, to the plain
ıend Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
ny lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
ıish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:
ɔ! that instant, godlike Hector dies.
that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
ll that day shall Jove relax his rage,
ıe of all the heavenly host engage
of Greece. The promise of a god
, and seal'd it with the' almighty nod,
es' glory to the stars to raise;
ı as our word, and fate the word obeys."
: ambling queen (the' almighty order given)
from the' Idæan summit shot to heaven.
ne way-faring man, who wanders o'er
ıght a length of lands he trod before,
forth his active mind from place to place,
ıill to dale, and measures space with space:
ft flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,
ıght of man can match the speed of gods.
sat the powers in awful synod plac'd;
ɔow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd
gh all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
ıail her queen; the nectar streams around.
hemis first presents the golden bowl,
ıxious asks what cares disturb her soul?
whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:
ıgh thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,

Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove shall thunder through the' ethereal dome
Such stern decree, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp the' eternal banquets of the skies."
The goddess said, and sullen took her place;
Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat steadfast care, and lowering discontent.
Thus she proceeds—"Attend, ye powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majesty of power, controls;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiss, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own."
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
"Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain.
The god of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead."
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms that reflect a radiance through the skies.

And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of Heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for the' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear.
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to the' impetuous homicide she said:
"By what wild passion, furious! art thou toss'd?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the thunderer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of Heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more should Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm the' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?"
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
"Go wait the thunderer's will (Saturnia cried)
On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
There in the father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command."
She said, and sat: the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
There sat the' eternal; he whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the thunderer saw their earnest ca
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddess of the showery bow.
"Iris! descend, and what we here ordain,
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was giv
And is there equal to the lord of Heaven?"
The' almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd
To sacred Ilion from the' Idæan height. [fli
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fierc
blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls.
"Attend the mandate of the sire above.
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thine own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him by whom all power is giv
And art thou equal to the lord of Heaven?"
"What means the haughty sovereign of
skies?
(The king of ocean, thus incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.

Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep;
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole:
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven."
"And must I then (said she) O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heaven.
"Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)
When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of Heaven,
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half the' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er the' offence by other gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last."
Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The lord of thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:

Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight,
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
"Gods! what portent (he cried) these eyes invad
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What god restores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appe
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear."
The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obe
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave co[illegible]nd,
The valiant leader of the Cretan ban[illegible]
And Mars-like Meges: these the ch[illegible]
Approach the foe, and meet the co[illegible]
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend,
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove the' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;

These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Sat doubtful conquest hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menesthëus' friend and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and the' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oïleus came,
Hi[illegible] Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though [illegible] of lawl[illegible] love: from home expell'd,
A banish[illegible] man [illegible] Pylacè he dwell'd,
Pu[illegible]sh'd [illegible] vengeance of an angry wife;
[illegible] last, his labours and his life.
M[illegible] next Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
[illegible] Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
[illegible]re'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.
On rush'd bold Hector gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,

Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight,
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
"Gods! what portent (he cried) these eyes invades?
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What god restores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear."
The warrior spoke; the listening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave co[illegible]and,
The valiant leader of the Cretan ban[illegible]
And Mars-like Meges: these the ch[illegible]
Approach the foe, and meet the co[illegible]
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend,
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove the' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;

drink the life of generous warriors slain;
guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
ng as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
oubtful conquest hovering o'er the field;
hen aloft he shakes it in the skies,
s in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
horror seizes every Grecian breast,
force is humbled, and their fear confess'd.
s a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
ain to guard them, and no day to guide,
two fell lions from the mountain come,
pread the carnage through the shady gloom.
iding Phœbus pours around them fear,
Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
the bold Bœotians ever dear,
ne Menest[illegible]us' friend and fam'd compeer.
and Iasus, Æneas sped;
prung from Phœbus, and the' Athenians led;
apless Medon fro[illegible] Oileus came,
jax honour'd with a brother's name,
[illegible]born of law[illegible] love: from home expell'd,
ish'd man [illegible]nylacè he dwell'd,
d b[illegible] [illegible]ngeance of an angry wife;
[illegible] last, his labours and his life.
[illegible] next Polydamas o'erthrew;
hee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
ris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
d through the shoulder as he basely flies.
s' arm laid Echius on the plain;
h'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
ireeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,
seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.
sh'd bold Hector gloomy as the night;
ls to plunder, animates the fight,

Points to the fleet: "For by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour."
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds;
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank: down sunk the' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall:
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away:
Thus vanish'd at thy touch, the towers and walls,
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the powers with prayer;
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes.
"O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;

:hou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
ı the promise of a gracious god!
y preserve our navies from the flame,
/e the relics of the Grecian name."
pray'd the sage: the eternal gave consent,
als of thunder shook the firmament.
ptuous Troy mistook the' accepting sign,
:ch'd new fury at the voice divine.
:n black tempests mix the seas and skies;
.ring deeps in watery mountains rise,
:he sides of some tall ship ascend,
ıb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
udly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
:he thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
ı on legions from each side arise:
ound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
ɔn the ships above, the cars below,
/ield the mace, and those the javelin throw.
: thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
ourning armies round the works engag'd,
the [illegible] Patroclus sat to tend
al [illegible], his wounded friend.
nkles he [illegible] balms, to anguish kind,
ls discourse, the medicine of the mind.
[illegible] he saw, ascending up the fleet,
ıus Troy; then, starting from his seat,
ıtter groans his sorrows he express'd,
ıgs his hands, he beats his manly breast.
gh yet thy state require redress (he cries)
I must: what horrors strike my eyes?
l with Achilles' high command I go,
nful witness of this scene of wo:
to urge him by his country's care
in arms, and shine again in war.
s some favouring god his soul may bend;
ice is powerful of a faithful friend."
poke; and, speaking, swifter than the wind
: from the tent, and left the war behind.

The' embodied Grecks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents the' impervious wa
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tri
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet
Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs conte
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend:
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires:
Thundering he falls, and drops the' extinguis
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey, [fir
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
"Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!"
This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:
But Ajax shun'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord:
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he died.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.

With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.
"Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?"
Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bowstring sung
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of the' embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind.
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies,
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;
Till all Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
The' all-wise disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;

Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen hea
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
The' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;
"Some god prevents our destin'd enterprise:
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with sa
Stong to impel the flight of many a dart."
"Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield.
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;
To force our fleet, or e'en a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost migl
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight."
Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy:
"Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow:
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.

: gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
leaves his nation safe, his children free;
ails a debt on all the grateful state;
own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
l late posterity enjoy the deed!"
his rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast:
: godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
generous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
v long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
undetermin'd, or to live or die!
at hopes remain, what methods to retire,
nce your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
k how the flames approach, how near they fall,
v Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
alls to death, and all the rage of fights.
now no time for wisdom or debates;
your own hands are trusted all your fates;
l better far in one decisive strife,
: day should end our labour or our life,
n keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
l press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands."
he listening Grecians feel their leader's flame,
l every kindling bosom pants for fame.
n mutual slaughters spread on either side;
Hector here the Phocian Schedius died;
re, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
ef of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
ydamas laid Otus on the sand,
: fierce commander of the' Epeian band.
lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
: victor, stooping, from the death withdrew;
at valued life, O Phœbus! was thy care)
Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear:
corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore;
radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.

Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges, Phyleus' ample breastplate wore,
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart
Which held its passage through the panting heart
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percotè's plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.
"Lo, Melanippus! lo, where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:

Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall."
Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—"O Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame."
His generous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts:
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
"Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed."
He said; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize,
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,

And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd's swain,
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood:
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns;
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands, [hands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolved in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles:
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow;
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow;
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
As when a lion, rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull, (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Geeece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Copreus was his sire:

The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fallen chief the' invading Trojan press'd,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
The' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding toward the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.
Now manly shame forbids the' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.
"O friends! be men: your generous breasts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay;
And all are lost, if you desert the day."
He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;

dden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
show'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
or they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
ort majestic, and his ample size:
nderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
twenty cubits long, he swings around;
ights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
ooks a moving tower above the bands;
on the decks with vast gigantic stride,
godlike hero stalks from side to side.
hen a horseman from the wat'ry mead
l'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
s four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
me great city through the public way;
in his art, as side by side they run,
ifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
now to this, and now to that he flies;
ring numbers follow with their eyes.
m ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
s the wonder of the warring crew.
rious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
ank'd contiguous on the bending shores.
e strong eagle from his airy height,
marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,
s down impetuous, while they light for food,
stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
leads him on with his almighty hand,
breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
warring nations meet, the battle roars,
s beats the combat on the sounding prores.
would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,
ree could tame them, and no toil could tire;

As if new vigour from new fights they won.
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes sla
Like strength is felt from hope, and from desp
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless h
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd the' unhappy Trojan sh
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mu
blood.
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow
Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's h
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd da
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are d
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide
Still raging, Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud comm
"Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten
years
Is finish'd; and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward councils of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.'
He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce comma
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.

Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly,)
›'d back, and doubted or to live or die.
where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
to the last, his naval charge defends,
shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
st attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
/et be mindful of your old renown,
great forefathers' virtues and your own.
aids expect you in this utmost strait?
bulwarks rising between you and fate?
ds, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
iends to help, no city to defend.
spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
ostile ground you tread; your native lands
ar from hence: your fates are in your hands."
ging he spoke; nor further wastes his breath,
urns his javelin to the work of death.
e'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
st the sable ships, with flaming brands,
ell the chief his naval weapon sped,
uckless warrior at his stern lay dead:
welve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SIXTH BATTLE: THE ACTS AND DEAT PATROCLUS.

PATROCLUS (in pursuance of the request of Nestor venth book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to ance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and ar agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to co self wit[illegible]cuing the fleet, without further pursuit my. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers are Achilles offers a libation for the success of his fr which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. Th at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, takin that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation; he l off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedo though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several othe lars of the battle are described; in the heat of whi clus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms phorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which the book.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

) warr'd both armies on the' ensanguin'd shore,
'ile the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
ntime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
e streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
t faster, trickling to the plains below,
m the tall rock the sable waters flow.
ine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
e spoke, indulgent, to his best belov'd.
' Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
at flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
m her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
t more the mother's soul that infant warms,
ng to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
an thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
y melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?
' Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
come sad tidings from our native land?
r fathers live (our first, most tender care,)
y good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
d hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
as'd in their age to hear their children's praise.
may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
haps yon reliques of the Grecian name,

Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and swor
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend w
share."
A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.
"Let Greece at length with pity touch thy br
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the be
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his t
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds, than for the
own.
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hop
dress?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
"O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrac
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rocks hard entrails gave thee fo
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well-suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.
"If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shi
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war

Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again."
Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply.
"Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
E'en me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave;
But bear with this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:

Had not the' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there;
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects the' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due:
Though Jove in thunder should command the war,
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once sav'd, desist from further chase,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate.
O! would to all the immortal powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive:
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy the' accursed town!"
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the strand
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;

His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and wo succeeds to wo.
Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.
Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
"Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops"—The hero said;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes;
Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:

Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not o be pois'd but by Pelides hands:
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd the' immortal race.
Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around the chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with slaughter still they thirst for more.
Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.
High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.

He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.
First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cellenius lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber from Diana's quire,
The god pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong Echecleüs, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame,
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all the' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was [grac'd;
Laërces' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
"Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long;

'Stern son of Peleus, (thus ye us'd to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
O'nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field:
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!'
Such were your words—Now warriors! grieve no
more,
Lo there the Trojans; bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands,
Glut all your hearts, and weary all your hands!'
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close and more close, the listening cohorts press'd;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the
king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against winds and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.
But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.
(The presents of the silver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine
Nor rais'd in offerings to the powers divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.

His ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the god implor'd.
"O thou supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
O great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
(Whose groves the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low whisper'd in the breeze;)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield;
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
O! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!"
Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet was granted to his prayer:
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,

In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their
All rise in arms, and, with a general cry,
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing prog
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarm
So loud their clamours, and so keen their ar
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

"O warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days;
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name:
Think your Achilles sees you fight: be brav
And humble the proud monarch whom you

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spok
Flew to the fleet involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts re
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them ga
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles ni
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! fle
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship which
Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes, stood;
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flo
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound
The groaning warrior pants upon the groun
His troops, that see their country's glory sla
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy r
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies;
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks asce
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
en's expanse like one black ceiling spread;
he thunderer, with a flashing ray,
rough the darkness, and lets down the
day:
shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
ms, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes;
ng scene wide opens to the sight,
ie' unmeasur'd ether flames with light.
by repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains.
om the navy, yet the fight maintains.
y Greek some hostile hero slew,
he foremost, bold Patroclus flew:
cus had turn'd him round,
his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
en-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
he fell. Next, Tholis was thy chance;
st, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
dart (as Amphilcus drew nigh)
prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
he brawn, and rent the nerves away;
ss, and in death, the warrior lay.
l arms two sons of Nestor stand,
bold brothers of the Lycian band:
Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
is, bleeding in his brother's wound,
the breathless carcass on the ground;
e flies, his murderer to engage:
ke Thrasimed prevents his rage,
his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
lls spouting in the dust below:
with endless darkness cover'd o'er;
his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.
y two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
's friends, Amisodarus' seed;

Amisodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.
  Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking bl
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his
  Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fi
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus car
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now, met in arms, their eager swords the
On the plum'd crest of his Bœotian foe
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleu
Full on the juncture of the neck and head
The head divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust
  O'ertaken Neämas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mou
steeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the grou
His swimming eyes eternal shades surrou
  Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to fee
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ste
Beneath the brain the point a passage tor
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the
gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a f
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.
  As when the flocks neglected by the s
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the
A troop of wolves the' unguarded charge
And rend the trembling, unresisting pre
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous c
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

: still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
pointed at his breast, his javelin flam'd.
Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
v'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
n his buckler caught the ringing shower:
es for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
ops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.
when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
olls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms,
o'er the fields the ascending vapour flies,
hades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
m the ships along the dusky plain,
Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
ery coursers forc'd their lord away:
far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:
its on chariots roll: the clashing spokes
; while the madding steeds break short their yokes,
ı they labour up the steepy mound;
charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
ltuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
s rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from sight.
ffrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
e the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
e horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
bleeding heroes under axles groan.
op, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew:
bank to bank the' immortal coursers flew,
bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
es through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,

And thunders after Hector: Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance: but fate dem
Not with less noise, with less impetuous f
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pour
And earth is loaden with incessant show
(When guilty mortals break the' eternal
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous c
From their deep beds he bids the rivers
And opens all the flood-gates of the ski
The' impetuous torrents from their hills
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountai
away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the m
And trembling man sees all his labours
And now the chief (the foremost troop
Back to the ships his destin'd progress h
Bore down half Troy in his resistless wa
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the
Between the space where silver Simois f
Where lay the fleets, and where the ram
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus sta
And turns the slaughter on the conqueri
First Pronous died beneath his fiery dar
Which pierc'd below the shield his valia
Thestor was next, who saw the chief app
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggar
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the
And with unmanly tremblings shook the
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twix
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane
Some mighty fish draws panting to the
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bo

he gaping dastard; as the spear was shook,
e fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
arge as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
all on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
nd burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
rone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
nd death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
hen low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie;
heas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
mphoterus and Erymas succeed;
nd last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Vhere'er he moves, the glowing slaughters spread
heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
roveling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
"O stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly."
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car:
'atroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
s when two vultures on the mountain's height
toop with resounding pinions to the fight;
hey cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry;
he desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
he warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
'ith equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
e thus bespoke his sister and his queen:
'The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,
y godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
lready on the verge of death he stands,
is life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,

And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten, with celestial blood, the field?"
Then thus the goddess with the radiant eye
"What words are these? O sovereign of the s
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race beg
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above
And murmuring powers condemn their partial
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when the' ascending soul has wing'd her f
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy comman
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall liv
She said: the cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then touch'd with grief, the weeping heaven
till'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native rei
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted s
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd no more his bulk sustain
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,

The next transpierc'd Achilles mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall the' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
The' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance;
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command;
"Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,

To lead my troops, to combat at their head
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest br
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus und
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may tr
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die."
He ceas'd; the fates suppress'd his la
breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of
The' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom tro
Then drew the weapon from his panting h
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream o
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief:
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then ('twas all he could) he pr
"All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
O hear me! god of every healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd wi
That thrills my arm, and shoots through ev
I stand unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious wa
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring

But thou, O god of health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend:
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To head my Lycians, and support the fight."
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns the' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.
"What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O save from hostile rage his lov'd remains!
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost!"
He spoke; each leader in his grief partook;
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleagur'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshin'd them all.
Fir'd, they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus sta
And rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening ban
"Heroes, be men! be what you were be
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yiel
Lies pale in death extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter rou
spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead."
The heroes kindle at his fierce command
The martial squadrons close on either hand
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alar
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their
With horrid shouts they circle round the sl
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the figh
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious nig
And round his son confounds the warring h
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epige
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;
Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant
To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's sh
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his h
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er th
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band.
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy
O generous Greek! when with full vigour
At Sthenelaus flew the weighty stone,

sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
em, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
an able hand a lance can throw,
ie lists, or at the fighting foe;
the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
aucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
ly hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
ately seats, and riches, bless'd in vain:
old with youth, and eager to pursue
ing Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
through the bosom with a sudden wound,
, and, falling, made the fields resound.
chaians sorrow for their hero slain;
onquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
owd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
a circle round the carcass grows.
a brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
ch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
's holy hill he made abode,
iest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
en the jaw and ear the javelin went;
ul, exhaling, issued at the vent.
ear Æneas at the victor threw,
tooping forward from the death withdrew;
nce hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
embling struck, and rooted in the field;
yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
y the great Æneas' arm in vain.
t as thou art (the raging hero cries)
ill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
ear, the destin'd passage had it found,
t'd thy active vigour to the ground."
valiant leader of the Dardan host!
ed Merion thus retorts the boast)
as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
a as strong may stretch thee in the dust.

And if to this my lance thy fate be
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still
This, instant, sends thee down to P
Mine is the glory, his thy parting g
"O friend (Menœtius' son this an
With words to combat, ills befits th
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy
Your swords must plunge them to th
To speak, beseems the council; bu
In glorious action, is the task of wa
This said, Patroclus to the battle
Great Merion follows, and new shou
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warri
And thick and heavy sounds the st
As through the shrilling vale, or mo
The labours of the woodman's axe
Blows following blows are heard re-
While crackling forests fall on ever
Thus echoed all the fields with loud
So fell the warriors, and so rung th
Now great Sarpedon on the sand
His heavenly form defac'd with dus
And stuck with darts by warring he
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulga
His long-disputed corse the chiefs e
On every side the busy combat gro
Thick as beneath some shepherd's
(The pails high foaming with a mil
The buzzing flies, a persevering tr
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return
Jove view'd the combat with a st
And eyes that flash'd intolerable da
Fix'd on the field his sight, his brea
The vengeance due, and meditates
Whether to urge their prompt effe
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fa
This instant see his short-liv'd troph
And stretch him breathless on his s

t, with many a soul's untimely flight,
ient the fame and horror of the fight.
own Achilles' valiant friend with praise
ıgth he dooms; and, that his last of days
set in glory, bids him drive the foe;
nattended see the shades below.
Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
ounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
cales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
:n, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
eft their monarch with the common dead:
ıd, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
'nage rises, as the heroes fall.
ove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
›rize contested, and despoil the slain.
adiant arms are by Patroclus borne;
clus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.
:n thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
: from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
cend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
rom the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
bathe his body in the crystal flood,
dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;
ıll his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
with celestial robes adorn the dead.
: rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
e soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
to his friends the mournful charge shall bear;
iends a tomb and pyramid shall rear:
honours mortals after death receive,
: unavailing honours we may give?"
ollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
to the field precipitates his flight;
ce from the war the breathless hero bore,
l in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
e bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
nanly members in the' immortal vest;

And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain:
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain;
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
Echeclus follows: next young Megas bleeds;
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground;
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.
Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook;
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard around.
"Patroclus! cease; this Heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;

nd, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
ll not stoop e'en to Achilles' hand."
ke the god who darts celestial fires;
ek obeys him, and with awe retires:
lector, checking at the Scean gates
ing coursers, in his breast debates,
field his forces to employ,
the troops within the walls of Troy.
ile he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
ther, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
warrior, haughty, bold, and young)
accosts him: "What a shameful sight!
it Hector that forbears the fight?
ine my vigour, this successful spear
oon convince thee of so false a fear.
e, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
atroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
ven ordains him by thy lance to bleed."
ke the' inspiring god; then took his flight,
ng'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
Cebrion drive the rapid car;
resounds, the coursers rush to war.
the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,
r'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
s lights, impatient for the fight;
his left, a stone employs his right:
his nerves he drives it at the foe;
above, and rough and gross below:
ng ruin crush'd Cebrion's head,
less offspring of king Priam's bed;
, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
sting balls drop sightless to the ground.
rioteer, while yet he held the rein,
rom the car, falls headlong on the plain.
lark shades the soul unwilling glides,
e proud victor thus his fall derides.

"Good heavens! what active feats you
shows!
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land."
Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcass fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tum
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector l[illegible] from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invade
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead:
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan!
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcass ring
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;

While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The last, black, remnant of so bright a line:
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champion rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.
His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:
The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.

His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood:
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to [illegible] so [illegible]al train,
And flies the fate, [illegible] [illegible]ven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the [illegible]g chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues,
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment [illegible]
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So scorch'd with heat, along the desart shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
"Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shall be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
'Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.'
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped."

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
"Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers divine!
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death:
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon, as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see the fall, and by Achilles' hand."
He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcass, thus address'd the dead:
"From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heaven?"
Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage the' immortal coursers drove!
The' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS: THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

›old earth divine Patroclus spread,
rc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
enelaüs, touch'd with generous wo,
to the front, and guards him from the foe.
ınd her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
her throes, and first-born of her loves;
ious, (helpless as she lies, and bare)
ınd re-turns her, with a mother's care.
to each that near the carcass came,
d shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
on of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
dead hero, and insults the friend.
and, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
he spoils my prowess won, resign:
vith life, and leave the glory mine."
'rojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
nerous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
ıortals boast of prowess not their own?
ı the lion glories in his might,
ther braves his spotted foe in fight,
ı the boar (those terrors of the plain;)
y vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.

far the vainest of the bo[illegible] kind
[illegible] sons of Panthus vent [illegible] haughty mind.
Yet [illegible] was but late, beneath m[illegible] conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyper[illegible]or, fell;
Against our arm which rashly [illegible]e defied,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate,
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late."

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: "That action know
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To sooth a consort's and a parent's wo.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life."

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the pla
Wide through the neck appears the grisly w
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resou
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which e'en the Graces might be proud to
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with

As the young olive, in some sylvan scen
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal g
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowrets fair
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven
The tender plant, and withers all its sha

prooted from its genial bed,
y ruin now defac'd and dead:
ung, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
he fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
f his deed, and glorious in the prize,
ted Troy the towering victor flies:
s before some mountain lion's ire
age curs and trembling swains retire,
'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar.
e his jaws distil with smoking gore:
: with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
out incessant, and the vales resound.
while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
g'd great Hector to dispute the prize;
ites' shape, beneath whose martial care
igh Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)
ar, (he cried,) with fruitless speed to chase
s' coursers, of ethereal race;
oop not, these, to mortal man's command,
p to none but great Achilles' hand.
g amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
nd behold the brave Euphorbus slain;
rta slain! for ever now suppress'd
e which burn'd in that undaunted breast!"
having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
r'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
ds infix'd unutterable care
great Hector's soul: through all the war
s his anxious eye; and, instant, view'd
eathless hero in his blood imbrued,
welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
the victor's hands the shining prey. [flies,
'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he
nds his voice in thunder to the skies:
as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
, and fir'd the nations as it went.
s from the voice the storm divin'd,
ms explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:

"Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain!
Desert the arms, the reliques of my friend?
Or singly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where such partial favour heaven bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor heaven, should give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus"—This, no more
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.
So from the fold the' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts:
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the god of day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.
To him the king: "Oh Ajax, oh my friend!
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize."
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs the' unhappy dead;

But soon as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield,
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step, the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eyebrow lours.
Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
"Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand:
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
E'en where he died for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand or Trojan heart,
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause)

E'en yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcass to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corpse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly."
The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment eye
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
"Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ea
From such a warrior such a speech should hea
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and n
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's bro
Come, through yon squadrons let us hew the
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead."
Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries:
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mi
He strode along the field, as thus he said:
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a lool
One instant saw, one instant overtook

The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in the' immortal arms he stands;
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The god whose thunder rends the troubled air
Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
And, conscious, look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said:
"Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms nast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
For ah! no more Andromachè shall come
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd:
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.

Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Thersilochus like fury found,
Asteropeus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
"Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd band
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war:
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now, then, to conquer or to die prepare;
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fea
They join, they thicken, they protend their spea
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspre
What victims perish round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
"Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend;
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!

Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all."
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound.
"O chiefs! O princes, to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides' grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy."
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand.
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcass to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:

Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)
With headlong force remost ranks he tore;
So through the thicke[illegible] sts the mountain boar,
And rudely scatters, far [illegible] distance round,
The frighted hunter and [illegible]e baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave [illegible]'elasgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcass through the wa[illegible]
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plai[illegible]
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing through the ghastl[illegible]
wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies;
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shun'd the descending death; which hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior and the noblest mind:
In little Panopè, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his bloo[illegible]
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stoo[illegible]
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke:
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight:
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence bold.)
Thus he—"What methods yet, O chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force the' unwilling god to ruin Troy."
Æneas through the form assum'd descries
The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
"Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms."
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hosts pursue.
Then, first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:

The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecis
stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wou
A sanguine torrent sweeps the reeking ground:
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans ble
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of de
Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering ight
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The sun, the moon, and all the' ethereal hos
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their ey
And all heaven's splendours blotted from the
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light;
Unclouded there, the aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray
And all the broad expansion flam'd with d
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fl
And here and there the scatter'd arrows li
But death and darkness o'er the carcass s
There burn'd the war, and there the migl

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
nd skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
Then from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
he youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
or knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
lorious in arms, and dealing death to Troy.
But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,
nd thick and heavy grows the work of death:
'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
heir knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
rops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
nd carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills
their eyes.
s when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
rain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
he brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
ne' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
he mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
'hile Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
ow to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
ot Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
or he whose anger sets the world in arms,
ould blame this scene; such rage, such horror
reign'd;
uch, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
or knew the fatal fortune of the day;
le, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
n dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend
Was more than heaven had destin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bl
"Curs'd be the man (e'en private Greeks would s
Who dares desert this well-disputed day.
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide and drink our blood for sacrifice;
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!"
Thus they: while with one voice the Troj
said,
"Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors ri
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of bloo
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vai
Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in wo:
Still as a tombstone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd, as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pa
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that lat
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spre
And prone to earth was hung their languid heac
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.
"Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal wo?

For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts: the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.
For yet 'tis given to Troy to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all."
He said; and breathing in the immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
From their high mains they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue:
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins;
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd:
"What god provokes thee rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or hold their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame;
But now Patroclus is an empty name!

To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy des
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
"Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite.
Scarce their weak drivers guide them throug
Can such opponents stand when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail."
The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid sl
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmov'd Automedon attends the fight,
Implores the' Eternal, and collects his might
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless m
"Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the p
War knows no mean: he wins it or he dies."
Then through the field he sends his voice:
And calls the' Ajaces from the warring crow
With great Atrides. "Hither turn (he said,)
Turn where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe,
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: the' event belongs to Jove."

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young:
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head;
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd;
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
"Accept, Patroclus! this mean sacrifice:
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is some offering to thy shade."
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva from the realms of air
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future wo,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)

The drooping cattle dread the' impendin
And from his half-till'd field the labourer
In such a form the goddess round her dre
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape on earth she fall
And in his well-known voice to Sparta ca
"And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times t
To thee the greatest in whose cause he f
"O chief, O father! (Atreus' son replie
O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here un
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah, would Minerva send me strength to
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dres
And Jove's own glories blaze around his
Pleas'd to be first of all the powers add
She breathes new vigour in her hero's br
And fills with keen revenge, with fell des
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of figh
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of air and heat) on angry wing
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and s
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he thr
There stood a Trojan, not unknown to
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name:
With riches honour'd, and with courage
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gu
Through his broad belt the spear a passa
And, ponderous as he falls, his arms reso
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the g
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy r
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main)

"O prince (he cried,) O foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies:
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!"
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of wo,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now the' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide and all the subject field
Beneath his ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
The' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming javelin to his manly breast!
The brittle point before his corslet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
But erring from its aim, the' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;

But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went
The teeth it shatter'd and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war:
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.
  Nor Ajax less the will of heaven descried,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:
  "Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears; incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the god, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness——Lord of earth and air!
O king! O father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!"

th tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
god relenting clear'd the clouded air;
burst the sun with all-enlightening ray;
blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
Antilochus survives the fight,
im to great Achilles' ear convey
fatal news"——Atrides hastes away.
turns the lion from the nightly fold,
igh high in courage, and with hunger bold,
gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
the red terrors of the blazing brands:
ate, reluctant, at the dawn of day
he departs, and quits the' untasted prey.
ov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train:
guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
bear the merits of the dead in mind;
skill'd he was in each obliging art;
mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
as, alas! but fate decreed his end,
ath a hero, as in life a friend!"
parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
round on all sides sent his piercing view.
e bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
l that wing the mid aërial sky,
sacred eagle, from his walks above
s down, and sees the distant thicket move;
stoops, and sousing on the quivering hare,
hes his life amid the clouds of air.
with less quickness, his exerted sight
d this, and that way, through the ranks of
fight:

Till on the left the chief he sought he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around:
To him the king: "Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumps, and the' Achaians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain:
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain."
The youthful warrior heard with silent wo,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow:
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along:
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
"Gone is Antilochus (the hero said;)
But hope not warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his wo;
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain;
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate."
"'Tis well (said Ajax,) be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself, and my bold brother, will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,

tried it, and have stood." The hero said.
from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
eral clamour rises at the sight;
shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
ercer rush along the gloomy wood,
rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
ious hounds that many a length before
furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
the savage turns his glaring eye,
howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
their thick falchions, and their javelins show'r:
jax turning, to their fears they yield,
le they tremble, and forsake the field.
ile thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
l them rages all the storm of war;
sion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
n, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
ierce the winds with rising flames conspire
ielm some city under waves of fire;
ink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes,
rack the blazing temples of the gods;
umbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
heets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
eroes sweat beneath their honour'd load,
en two mules, along the rugged road,
the steep mountain with exerted strength
some vast beam, or mast's unwieldly length;
ey groan, big drops of sweat distil,
enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
se—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
reaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
when a river swell'd with sudden rains
ds his broad waters o'er the level plains,
interposing hill the stream divides,
reaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
lose they follow, close the rear engage;
storms, and Hector foams with rage:

While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains.
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR BY VULCAN.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, con her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles b mand of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the for day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by t The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Poly agree in their opinions; but the advice of the form to remain encamped in the field. The grief of A the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain ne her son. The description of the wonderful works and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, an ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achill the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVIII.

:e the rage of fire the combat burns,
v it rises, now it sinks by turns,
ile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
estor's son the messenger of wo:
at Achilles, shaded by his sails,
:ed yards extended to the gales;
he sat; for all that fate design'd
sad prospect to his boding mind.
his soul he said: "Ah! what constrains
:eks, late victors, now to quit the plains!
he day, which heaven so long ago
l, to sink me with the weight of wo?
:tis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
.vest of the Myrmidonian band
lose the light! Fulfill'd is that decree;
s the warrior, and Patroclus he!
I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
rn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!"
while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
lls the melancholy tale with tears.
idings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
retched I, the unwilling messenger!
s Patroclus! For his corse they fight:
ked corse: his arms are Hector's right."

A sudden horror shot through all the chie
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he s
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he te
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grev
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms) [
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gat
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the g
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's hea
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic wo,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The mother-goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for
The circling Nereids with their mistress wee
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glaucè (every watery name,)
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,
Thoä, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianassa show
Their sister looks; Dexamenè the slow,
And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides.
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymenè, attend,
Mæra, Amphinomè, the train extend;

black Janira, and Janassa fair,
Amatheia with her amber hair.
ıese, and all that deep in ocean held
: sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
beat her ivory breast with silent wo,
Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow;
Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
just a cause has Thetis to complain!
wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
more than wretched in the' immortal state!
ng from my bed a godlike hero came,
bravest far that ever bore the name;
some fair olive, by my careful hand
rew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
Troy I sent him; but the fates ordain
ever, never must return again.
ıort a space the light of heaven to view,
ıort, alas! and fill'd with anguish too!
how his sorrows echo through the shore!
not ease them, but I must deplore;
at least to bear a tender part,
mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart."
e said, and left the caverns of the main,
ath'd in tears; the melancholy train
ıd her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
e the long pomp the silver wave divides.
roaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
ı, two by two, ascended up the strand.
immortal mother, standing close beside
mournful offspring, to his sighs replied;
g the coast their mingled clamours ran,
thus the silver-footed dame began.
Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd:
r mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
eal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
e, deeply groaning—"To this careless grief,
e'en the thunderer's favour brings relief.

Patroclus—Ah!—say, goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to com
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in fate the' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men."
A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed:
"Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou diest."—"Let Hector
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove

too dear to every mortal breast,
o the soul, as honey to the taste;
ng like vapours of a noxious kind
ery blood, and darkening all the mind.
memnon urg'd to deadly hate;
t—I quell it; I resign to fate.
will meet the murderer of my friend;
ne gods ordain it) meet my end.
oke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
eat Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
o's hate at length resign'd his breath,
nk the victim of all-conquering death.
Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
e the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
, this instant, rush into the fields,
up what glory life's short harvest yields.
not force some widow'd dame to tear
antic hands her long dishevell'd hair?
not force her breasts to heave with sighs,
e soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
hall give the fair those mournful charms—
you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!—
nall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
l shall know Achilles swells the tide."
son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
submitting with a secret sigh,)
st to succour, and thy friends to save,
hy thee; the duty of the brave.
n'st thou, naked, issue to the plains?
diant arms the Trojan foe detains.
ng Hector bears the spoils on high,
inly glories, for his fate is nigh.
t awhile, thy generous ardour stay;
l, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
d with refulgent arms (a glorious load,)
dian arms, the labour of a god."
n turning to the daughters of the main,
oddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

"Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary sire——This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the bless'd abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods."

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's foe,
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course;
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind.
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft the Ajaces his assault sustain;
But check'd, he turns: repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcass slain.
E'en yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of the' extended day,
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, despatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various goddess of the showery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus begun the many-colour'd dame.

"Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:

A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!"
"Who sends thee, goddess, from the' ethereal [skies!"
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:
"I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
The' immortal empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky."
"Thou com'st in vain, (he cries, with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none; and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does what his Achilles should have done."
"Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear;
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly."
She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose:
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies;
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:

So from Achilles' head the splendou
Reflecting blaze on blaze against th
Forth march'd the chief, and distant fi
High on the rampart rais'd his voice
With her own shout Minerva swells
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shore
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth
With shrilling clangour sounds the'
Struck from the walls, the echoes fl
And the round bulwarks and thick t
So high his brazen voice the hero re
Hosts dropt their arms, and trembled
And back the chariots roll, and cou
And steeds and men lie mingled on
Aghast they see the living lightning
And turn their eye-balls from the fi
Thrice from the trench his dreadful
And thrice they fled, confounded a
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untin
On their own spears, by their own cl
While, shielded from the darts, the
The long-contended carcass of the s
A lofty bier the breathless warrio
Around, his sad companions melt in
But chief Achilles, bending down h
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the d
Whom late triumphant, with his ste
He sent refulgent to the field of wa
(Unhappy change !) now senseless,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with r
wound.
Meantime, unwearied with his he
In ocean's waves the' unwilling ligh
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's hig
And from their labours eas'd the A
The frighted Trojans (panting from
Their steeds unharness'd from the

council call'd: each chief appear'd
nd standing; for to sit they fear'd.
no season for prolong'd debate;
Achilles, and in him their fate.
stood: Polydamas at last,
liscern the future by the past,
Panthus, thus express'd his fears;
d of Hector, and of equal years:
me night to both a being gave,
n council, one in action brave.)
debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
move, before the morning break,
ir camp: too dangerous here our post,
Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
ot Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
feuds her king and hero rag'd;
le we hop'd our armies might prevail,
camp'd beside a thousand sail.
lides now: his rage of mind
ontinues to the shores confin'd,
fields, where long in equal fray
g nations won and lost the day;
for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
ard contest not for fame, but life.
to Ilion, while the favouring night
ose terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
morrow's sun behold us here,
those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
s that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
permit them then to enter Troy.
y fatal prophecy be true,
I tremble but to think, ensue.
be our fate, yet let us try
e of thought and reason can supply;
counsel for our guard depend;
her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
rning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
arms, shall line the lofty towers.

Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky wall
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd dow
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the to
"Return? Hector, fir'd with stern
What, coop w rmies in our walls again
Was't not cho ye valiant warriors, say,
Nine years n'd in those towers ye l
Wide o'er d was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaus s, and for mines of gol
But while inglorious in her wall we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores de
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils ea
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Tro
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden wa
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch atten
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall."
The shouting host in loud applauses join
So Pallas rob'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

hile the long night extends her sable reign,
nd Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
ı in superior grief Pelides stood;
e slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
ears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
ion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
through the desert, and demands his young;
ı the grim savage, to his rifled den
ate returning, snuffs the track of men,
r'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
amorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
ieves Achilles; and, impetuous, vents
l his Myrmidons his loud laments.
ı what vain promise, gods! did I engage,
ı to console Menœtius' feeble age,
'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
ighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
ong, long views of poor designing man!
ate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
o a wretched mother shall deplore,
ed father never see me more!
ny Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
ıy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
welve the noblest of the Trojan line,
l to vengeance, by this hand expire;
lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
let me lie till then! thus, closely press'd,
thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
all the night, and murmur all the day:
of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
vords kept time, and conquer'd side by side."

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd
A massy caldron of stupendous frame [wou
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flam
Then heap'd the lighted wood; the flame divid
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides;
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove.
"At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?" [pla
"What words are these? (the imperial dame re
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second power above,
Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jov
Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?"
So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shin
There the lame architect the goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,

That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
Wondrous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bless'd abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
Or their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flow'rs,
A moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood promp'd to move, the azure goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her entering; her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery queen address'd:
"What, goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Will now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r."
High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen she plac'd;
A footstool at her feet: then calling, said,
Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid."
Thetis (replied the god) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
(My awkwar'd form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynomè, my griefs redress'd,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Even then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow."

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of tr
Then with a sponge the sooty workman d
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy br
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red atti
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fi
The monarch's steps two female forms upl
That mov'd, and breath'd in animated gol
To whom was voice, and sense, and scienc
Of works divine (such wonders are in hea
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive The
There plac'd beside her on the shining fra
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

"Thee, welcome goddess! what occasi
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd wa
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey."

To whom the mournful mother thus rep
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her
"O Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd a
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, p
The mighty fine impos'd on length of day
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero cam
The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant beneath my careful h
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
(E'en while he lives, he wastes with secre
Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow!

f the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
; of nations forc'd his royal slave:
ıe griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress'd
his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd.
ts they promise, and their elders send;
He arms not, but permits his friend
, his steeds, his forces to employ:
hes, combats, almost conquers Troy:
n by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
resigns his armour, life, and fame.
, in pity, by my prayer be won:
th immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
ıe field in martial pomp restore,
with glory, till he shines no more!"
the artist-god: "Thy griefs resign,
vhat Vulcan can, is ever thine.
hide him from the Fates as well,
hese hands the cruel stroke repel,
I forge most envied arms, the gaze
ering ages, and the world's amaze!"
aving said, the father of the fires
lack labours of his forge retires.
ıe bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
n mouths; and, where the furnace burn'd,
ng breath'd: at once the blast expires,
ıty forges catch at once the fires;
ıe god directs, now loud, now low,
ıe a tempest, or they gently blow;
flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
born brass, and tin, and solid gold:
eep fix'd, the' eternal anvils stand;
lerous hammer loads his better hand,
vith tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
k, strong strokes, the doubling vaults re-
bound.
first he form'd the' immense and solid
shield;
ous artifice emblaz'd the field;

Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;
The' unwearied sun, the moon completely round,
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on the' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There in the forum swarm a numerous train;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
The' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands:
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each the' attesting sceptre took,
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke:
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention stood confess'd;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive breast;
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;

The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the s
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd;
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gol
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths
found,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up
ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the la
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves
The rustic monarch of the field descries [co
With silent glee the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mix'd intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin the' enclosure grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their head
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling b
The purple product of the' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank his sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft simars of linen dress'd;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreathes enroll'd:
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the sl

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGA

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by V
preserves the body of his friend from corruption
mands him to assemble the army, to declare his re
an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly
the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occa
les is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain fro
till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the ad
ses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Ach
Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The
nately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to l
for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen hi
der of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearan
He addresses himself to his horses, and reproach
the death of Patroclus. One of them is miracul
with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but
astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to th

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shor

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

Aurora heav'd her orient head
he waves, that blush'd with early red,
ew-born day to gladden mortal sight,
l the courts of heaven with sacred light)
mortal arms the goddess-mother bears
her son: her son she finds in tears
d o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
ereign's sorrows in their own express'd.
ivine her heavenly presence shed,
s, his hand-soft-touching, Thetis said:
press, my son, this rage of grief, and know
ot man, but heaven that gave the blow;
what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
orthy thee, or fit to grace a god."
drops the radiant burden on the ground;
e strong arms, and ring the shores around:
rink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
m the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
d, the hero kindles at the show,
s with rage divine his bosom glow;
s fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
h incessant like a stream of fire:
the radiant gift: and feeds his mind
e' immortal artist had design'd.

"Goddess! (he cried) these glorious arms, that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the reliques of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?"
"That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure goddess to her son replied)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcass of the slain.
But go, Achilles, as affairs require,
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!"
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:
"O monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid)

eventing Diana had despatch'd her dart,
d shot the shining mischief to the heart!
en many a hero had not press'd the shore,
r Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
ng, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
d sad posterity repeat the tale.
t this, no more the subject of debate,
past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
hy should, alas, a mortal man, as I,
rn with a fury that can never die?
re then my anger ends: let war succeed,
d e'en as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
w call the hosts, and try if in our sight
oy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
leem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
all 'scape with transport, and with joy repose."
He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
e Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
hen thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
state unmov'd, the king of men begun.
"Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
nd grant your monarch an impartial ear;
while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
nd let your rash, injurious clamours end:
nruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,
'rong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
or charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
now, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
'ith fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
'hen from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
'hat then could I against the will of heaven?
ot by myself, but vengeful Até driven;
he, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
he race of mortals, enter'd in my breast,
ot on the ground that haughty fury treads,
ut prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
f mighty men; inflicting as she goes
ong festering wounds, inextricable woes!

He show'd, and vaunted of his matchle
"From us (he said) this day an infant s
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the tr
And fix dominion on the favour'd youtl
The thunderer, unsuspicious of the frau
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bi
The joyful goddess, from Olympus' hei
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelu
She push'd her lingering infant into lif
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours
And stop the babe, just issuing to the
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in m
"A youth (said she) of Jove's immorta
Is this day born: from Sthenelus he spr
And claims thy promise to be king of k
Grief seiz'd the thunderer, by his oath
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he
From his ambrosial head, where perch'
He snatch'd the fury goddess of debate
The dread, the' irrevocable oath he sw
The' immortal seats should ne'er behol
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ev

What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent.
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.
"O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation, what I act, survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day."
The son of Peleus thus; and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
"Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made,
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)

That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made
And the full price of injur'd honour paid. [mi
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy severe
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd
To right with justice whom with power t
wrong'd."

To him the monarch: "Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in th
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay,
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day."

"For this (the stern Æacides replies)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath, extinguish'd, burns my breast no mo
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:
Those call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, should commence the fig
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bo
And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'e
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.

:e is all my soul! no meaner care,
:, or thought, has room to harbour there;
:tion be my feast, and mortal wounds,
enes of blood, and agonizing sounds."
irst of Greeks, (Ulysses thus rejoin'd,)
st and bravest of the warrior-kind!
ıise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
experience and calm wisdom, mine.
ear my counsel, and to reason yield,
ıvest soon are satiate of the field;
ı vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
ɔody harvest brings but little gain:
ıle of conquest ever wavering lies,
ove but turns it, and the victor dies!
eat, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
dless were the grief, to weep for all.
sorrows what avails to shed?
honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
ı, when death demands the brave, to pay
bute of a melancholy day.
ief with patience to the grave resign'd,
e devolves on others left behind.
ıerous food supplies of strength produce,
ng spirits flow from sprightly juice,
ir warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
ur new furies on the feebler foe.
hort interval, and none shall dare
a second summons to the war;
aits for that, the dire effect shall find,
ɔling in the ships he lags behind.
ied, to the battle let us bend,
at once on haughty Troy descend."
now the delegates Ulysses sent,
r the presents from the royal tent:
ns of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
ınd Merion, thunderbolts of war,
ycomedes of Creiontian strain,
lelanippus, form'd the chosen train.

Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding steeds;
Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass sheath'd beside his sword
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to the' attesting skies,
On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eye
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.
"Witness thou first! thou greatest power above
All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!
And mother-earth, and heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
If this be false, heaven all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!"
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: "Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the wo:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.

ove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
om'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to
, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite; [fall.
waits ye, and expects the fight."
peedy council at his word adjourn'd:
· black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
sought his tent. His train before
onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
ı the tents the squires industrious spread:
ming coursers to the stalls they led;
· new seats the female captives move:
radiant as the queen of love,
she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
n the body fell the heavenly fair,
r sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
ıtiful in grief, her humid eyes
with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:
youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
nder friend of my distracted mind!
ee fresh in life, in beauty gay,
d thee cold, inanimated clay!
oes my wretched race of life attend!
on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
t lov'd consort of my virgin bed
hese eyes in fatal battle bled:
e brave brothers in one mournful day
the dark, irremeable way:
ndly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
ed my sorrows for a husband slain;
' care you promis'd I should prove,
t, the dearest partner of his love;
es divine should ratify the band,
ke me empress in his native land.
these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
e, that ever felt another's wo!"
ister captives echoed groan for groan,
urn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.

The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs denied.
"If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah, let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day."
He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
"Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once spread the' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave,
My only offspring, sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.
From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades."

ghing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,
ı stole a tear for what he left behind.
r mingled grief the sire of heaven survey'd,
thus with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid:
s then Achilles now no more thy care,
dost thou thus desert the great in war?
vhere yon sails their canvass wings extend,
omfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
hirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
: and infuse ambrosia in his breast."
spoke; and sudden, at the word of Jove,
the descending goddess from above.
'ift through ether the shrill harpy springs,
vide air floating to her ample wings.
'eat Achilles she her flight address'd,
ɔour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
nectar sweet, (refection of the gods!)
, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
w issued from the ships the warrior-train,
ike a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
hen the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
ıcatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
ıe dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
lms succeeding helms, so shields from shields,
the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
l glittering breastplates, spears with pointed rays,
n one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
: beats the centre as the coursers bound;
splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.
ll in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
mbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd;
which the father of the fire bestow'd,
'd on the' eternal anvils of the god.
'and revenge his furious heart inspire,
lowing eye-balls roll with living fire;

He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay [c
O'erlooks the' embattled host, and hopes the blo
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gol
The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his s
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the fi
So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fear
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste, a light appears,
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the s
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the m
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war,
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose gl
shed.
The chief beholds himself with wondering e
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swi
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge; which not a Greek could
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
The' immortal coursers, and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side;)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot joi

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Let brighter Phœbus in the' ethereal way
Wanes from his chariot, and restores the day.
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.
"Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain,
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord."
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of wo, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane.
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
"Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand."
Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies tied,
His fateful voice. The intrepid chief replied
With unabated rage—"So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.

I know my fate: to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy!" He said, and rush'd to fight:

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF A

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. rors of the combat described, when the deities are Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a versation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing He Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pu Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the fi Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

aus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
reece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While near impending from a neighbouring height,
roy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
hen Jove to Themis gives command, to call
he gods to council in the starry hall:
wift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
nd summons all the senate of the skies.
hese shining on, in long procession come
o Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
ot one was absent, not a rural power
hat haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower,
ach fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,
ach azure sister of the silver flood;
ll but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
is ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
n marble thrones, with lucid columns crown'd,
he work of Vulcan) sat the powers around.
en he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign
eard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
sum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
nd question'd thus the sire of men and gods:
"What moves the god who heaven and earth commands,
nd grasps the thunder in his awful hands,

Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the louring hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of wa
"'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r
This day we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; e'en Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate
Work out our will. Celestial powers desce
And as your minds direct, your succour len
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthr
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fal
He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts wit
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful queen; and he whose azure
Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renc
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire
These to the fleet repair with instant flight
The vessels tremble as the gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dam
Xanthus whose streams in golden currents
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain,)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another god of war.

And aged sea-god, father of his line;
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe."
This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops the' embolden'd hero press'd;
His venturous act the white arm'd queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the powers, she said:
"Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war!
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, to attend
Our favour'd hero, let some power descend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
But lest some adverse god now cross his way,
Give him to know what powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?"
Thus she; and thus the god whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
"Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial powers exert their own?
Suffice from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if the armipotent, or god of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world."
Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cœrulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.
While thus the gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the god of battles with his blood.
Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half forc'd, and half persuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the goddess-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain:
"To meet Pelides you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day:
Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
The' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain,
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his power,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tower."
To whom the son of Jove: "That god implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he but from a sister of the main;

aged sea-god, father of his line;
Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
n lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
fear the vaunting of a mortal foe."
his said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
ough the thick troops the' embolden'd hero
press'd;
venturous act the white arm'd queen survey'd,
thus, assembling all the powers, she said:
Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,
great Æneas rushing to the war!
nst Pelides he directs his course,
bus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
rain his bold career; at least, to attend
favour'd hero, let some power descend.
uard his life, and add to his renown,
the great armament of heaven, came down.
after let him fall, as fates design,
spun so short his life's illustrious line:
lest some adverse god now cross his way,
him to know what powers assist this day:
how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
n heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?"
us she; and thus the god whose force can make
solid globe's eternal basis shake:
ainst the might of man, so feeble known,
should celestial powers exert their own?
ce from yonder mount to view the scene,
leave to war the fates of mortal men.
if the armipotent, or god of light,
ruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
ice on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
l to our conquering arms the lower world."
hus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
alean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heavenly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.
Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
Steeds car'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear,
There great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With towering strides Æneas first advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides; furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by some brave youth defied,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.

Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son.
"Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuse the prize;
Sons he has many; those thy pride may quell:
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some spacious tract of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
E'en this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear:
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late."
To this Anchises' son: "Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defied
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:

For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou further seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth,)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion, then,
(The city since of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus great Erichthonius springs,
The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures [illegible]
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead.
Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,
Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,
The grace and glory of the' ambrosial feast.)
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam, bless'd with Hector, brave and bold;
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.

reat Assaracus sprung Capys, he
nchises, and Anchises me.
our race; 'tis fortune gives us birth,
alone endues the soul with worth:
rce of power and might' with boundless
an courage gives, or takes away. [away,
the field of words we may contend,
h is infinite, and knows no end,
r with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
le a weapon is the tongue;
d, we wound; and neither side can fail,
y man has equal strength to rail:
alone, when in the streets they jar,
excel us in this wordy war;
they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
t their anger impotent and loud.
en—Our business in the field of fight
question, but to prove our might.
ose insults thou hast offer'd here,
this answer: 'tis my flying spear."
oke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
ep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
is outstretch'd arm, Pelides held
t the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,
nbled as it stuck; nor void of fear
it fell, the' immeasurable spear.
were vain; impenetrable charms
he temper of the' ethereal arms. [held,
two strong plates the point its passage
p'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
es of various metal, various mould,
l the shield; of brass each outward fold,
ch inward, and the middle gold:
ck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
eful spear of great Achilles flew,
e'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
e shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:

Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon gli
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper sk
And at his back perceives the quivering spear
A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas rousing as the foe came on,
With force collected, heaves a mighty stone;
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock
ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the powers arou
"Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the god.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone
With guiltless blood for vices not his own?
To all the gods his constant vows were paid;
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race:
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to the' all-seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
The' imperial goddess with the radiant eyes:
"Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;

and I, by all that gods can bind,
sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
en an instant to protract their fate,
e one member of the sinking state;
r last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
'en her crumbling ruins are no more."
king of ocean to the fight descends,
gh all the whistling darts his course he bends,
nterpos'd between the warriors flies,
ists thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes,
great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
his master's feet the weapon threw.
one, with force divine he snatch'd on high
ardan prince, and bore him through the sky,
h-gliding without step, above the heads
ring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
the battle's utmost verge they light,
the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
odhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
words like these the panting chief address'd.
hat pow'r, O prince, with force inferior far
thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
forth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
ding fate of all thy fame to come.
ien the day decreed (for come it must)
ay this dreadful hero in the dust,
en the furies of that arm be known,
no Grecian force transcends thy own."
that, he left him wondering as he lay,
rom Achilles chas'd the mist away:
n, returning with the stream of light,
ene of war came rushing on his sight.
thus, amaz'd: "What wonders strike my mind!
ear, that parted on the wings of wind,
ere before me! and the Dardan lord,
ell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!

I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content for once, with all his gods to fly.
Now then let others bleed." This said, aloof
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd:
"O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms),
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies
No god can singly such a host engage,
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey,
All, all, Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter
And thin the squadrons with my single spear."
He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The god-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
"Trojans, to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. E'en those with words
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
The weakest athiest-wretch all heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand."
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war
But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.

He hears, obedient to the god of light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hydê's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:
"Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more"—The' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
The' impatient steel with full-descending sway
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores,
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And ocean listens to the grateful sound.

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age:
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpast)
Of all his sons, the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight,
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd,
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him roun
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain, the' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight:
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
"And, lo! the man, on whom black fates atten
The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war"—
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
"Come, and receive thy fate!" He spake no mo
Hector, undaunted, thus: "Such words empl
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defied,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart."
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heavenly bre
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:

ıe bidden dart again to Hector flies,
ıd at the feet of its great master lies.
:hilles closes with his hated foe,
s heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
ıt present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
ıe favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
ırice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
ırice in impassive air he plung'd the dart;
ıe spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,
: foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
"Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more thy
ıs sav'd thee, and the partial god of light. [flight
ıt long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
any power assist Achilles' hand.
ly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
/hole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
hen Dryops tumbled to the' ensanguin'd plain,
ierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
ınd stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
igantic chief! deep gush'd the' enormous blade,
nd for the soul an ample passage made.
ıogonus and Dardanus expire,
he valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
ɔth in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
ınk in one instant to the nether world:
ıis difference only their sad fates afford,
ıat one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpitied, young Alastor bleeds;
vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
vain he begs thee, with a suppliant's moan,
ɔ spare a form, an age so like thy own!
ıhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
hile yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,
ıe ruthless falchion oped his tender side;
ıe panting liver pours a flood of gore
ıat drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

The purple death comes floating o'er hi
Then brave Deucalion died: the dart v
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow
He dropp'd his arm, an unassisting wei
And stood all-impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion spe
From his broad shoulders hew'd his cre
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow
And, sunk in dust, the corpse extended
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thra
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly re
Prone from his car the thundering chief
The squire, who saw expiring on the g
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds a
His back, scarce turn'd, the Pelian jave
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying
As when a flame the winding valley fills
And runs on crackling shrubs between t
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the

: fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
l down whole ranks, and crush out heroes'
souls.
d from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
piky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
hick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
rim with dust, all horrible in blood:
till insatiate, still with rage on flame;
is the lust of never-dying fame!

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves: Neptune and Pallas assist the hero: Simois joins Scamander: at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
ıus, immortal progeny of Jove.
river here divides the flying train.
to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
re late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
se with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
cries promiscuous all the banks resound,
here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.
e scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
e fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
n from the land before the smoky cloud,
clustering legions rush into the flood:
lung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
the resounding surge with men and horse.
loody lance the hero casts aside,
ch spreading tamarisks on the margin hide)
, like a god, the rapid billows braves,
d with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the waves:

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dyed,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie;
So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrain
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains)
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims destin'd to Patroclus' shade!
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel;)
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion, touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbè bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that god whom men in vain withstand
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd,
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild afright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield)
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said:

Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view!
it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
re I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd
se from the shades, and brave me on the field;
now the captive, whom so late I bound
d sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
t him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
at bar such numbers from their native plain:
! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!
y, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
earth at length this active prince can seize,
rth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
proach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
th as he was to yield his youthful breath,
d his soul shivering at the' approach of death.
hilles rais'd the spear prepar'd to wound;
kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
d while, above, the spear suspended stood,
nging to dip its thirsty point in blood,
e hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart,
hile thus these melting words attempt his heart:
"Thy well known captive, great Achilles! see,
ce more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
me pity to a suppliant's name afford,
o shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
om late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
from his father, friends, and native shore;
undred oxen were his price that day,
w sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
rce respited from woes I yet appear,
d scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here,
! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
ain, her victim cruel fate demands!
rung from Priam, and Laothoë fair,
d Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;

Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd)
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some demon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:
"Talk not of life, or ransom (he replies,)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
See'st thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force, or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine!
Die then"—he said; and as the word he spoke
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear,
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear:
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand.
The victor to the stream the carcass gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:

"Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some wat'ry monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name?
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain!
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete:
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid."
These boastful words provok'd the raging god;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the power employ
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the god had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
To' avenge his waters, chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire."
"O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Replied the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;

Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear much glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!"
Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance,
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not, the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand: the spouting blood
Spun forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelean javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies.
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
E'en to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
"So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove!
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have shown:
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.

ıchelŏus might contend in vain,
l the roaring billows of the main.
ternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
ıas, the rivers, and the springs below,
ıund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
, his deep abysses shakes with fear."
aid; then from the bank his javelin tore,
ft the breathless warrior in his gore.
ɔating tides the bloody carcass lave,
ɜat against it wave succeeding wave;
ɔll'd between the banks, it lies the food
ing eels, and fishes of the flood. [slain)
ıtter'd round the stream (their mightiest
maz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
ıts his fury on the flying crew,
ıs, Astypylus, and Mnesus slew;
, Thersilochus, with Ænius fell;
ımbers more his lance had plung'd to hell,
ɔm the bottom of his gulfs profound
ıder spoke; the shores return'd the sound:
t of mortals! (for the gods are thine)
ur matchless, and in force divine!
have given thee every Trojan head,
t on me thy rage should heap the dead.
ıy chok'd streams no more their course can
l their wonted tribute to the deep. [keep,
hen, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
t, thy slaughters could amaze a god."
ıman form, confess'd before his eyes,
'er thus; and thus the chief replies:
red stream! thy word we shall obey;
t till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay,
within her towers the perjur'd train
ant and tremble at our arms again;
proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
n this lance, or see Achilles fall."
aid; and drove with fury on the foe.
o the godhead of the silver bow

The yellow flood began: "O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the sire above
Full and express, that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?"
He spoke in vain—The chief without dismay
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate [way.
Then rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are toss'd.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high,
(A wat'ry bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and staggering. On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
The god pursues, a huger billow throws,
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
He like the warlike eagle speeds his pace
(Swiftest and strongest of the aërial race;)
Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;

The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage stay'd,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the powers were foes;
So oft the surge in wat'ry mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;
When thus (his eyes on heaven's expansion thrown)
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
"Is there no god Achilles to befriend,
No power to' avert his miserable end?
Prevent, O Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of fate.
Of all heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!

Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend?
Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcass to the sea."

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address'd the chief;
The power of ocean first: "Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy gods appear,
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd." Thus spake the gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all the' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois: "Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controls a god:

Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes?
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye:
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greeks shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb."
He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of heaven: she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
"Rise to the war! the' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm! assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:
These from old ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert the' unwearied furies of the flame!"

The power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil:
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flowery lotos, and the tam'risk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
Aud thus, short-panting, to the god he said:
"Oh Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might!
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight——
I yield——Let Ilion fall; if fate decree——
Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils the' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river sends his earnest pray'r:
"Ah why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.

issive I desist, if thou command;
h! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
then my solemn oath, to yield to fate
led Ilion, and her destin'd state,
ireece shall girl her with destructive flame,
n one ruin sink the Trojan name."
warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
ade the' ignipotent his rage forbear,
l the flame, nor in a mortal cause
a god; the' obedient flame withdraws:
, the branching streams begin to spread,
oft remurmur in their wonted bed.
ile these by Juno's will the strife resign,
varring gods in fierce contention join:
dling rage each heavenly breast alarms:
horrid clangour shock the' ethereal arms:
en in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
views contending gods with careless eyes.
power of battles lifts his brazen spear,
first assaults the radiant queen of war:
Vhat mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite
eal minds, and mix all heaven in fight?
wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
drov'st a mortal to insult a god?
impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
madly bath'd it in celestial gore."
spoke; and smote the long-resounding shield,
h bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
adamantine ægis of her sire,
turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
en heav'd the goddess in her mighty hand
ne, the limit of the neighbouring land,
e fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast;
at the heavenly homicide she cast.
dering he falls, a mass of monstrous size:
seven broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound:
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles:
"Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race."
The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded god her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propp'd on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid:
"Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The smiles and loves' unconquerable queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue."
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled;)
On earth together lay the lovers spread.
"And like these heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd"—
Thus she, and Juno with a smile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The god of ocean dares the god of light.
"What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns
the sound?

ıominious, we with shame retire,
perform'd, to our Olympian sire?
ove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
my greatness, or superior age:
ıou art to prop the Trojan throne,
l of my wrongs, and of thy own)
d the race of proud Laomedon!
forgot, how, at the monarch's pray'r,
l the lengthen'd labours of a year?
s I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands,)
proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
it was to feed the bellowing droves
Ida's vales, and pendant groves.
the circling seasons in their train
ack the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
nace stern the fraudful king defied
godhead, and the prize denied:
was, he threaten'd servile bands,
r'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
ve heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
n'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
like us, infest the faithless race;
heir present, future sons destroy,
its deep foundations heave their Troy?"
thus: "To combat for mankind
e wisdom of celestial mind:
is man? Calamitous by birth,
their life and nourishment to earth;
ly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
he sun; now, wither on the ground.
own hands commit the frantic scene,
nmortals in a cause so mean."
rns his face, far beaming heavenly fire,
the senior power submiss retires:
retreating, Artemis upbraids,
r'd huntress of the sylvan shades:

"And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking power."

Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: "What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the majesty of heaven?
What though by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?
What though tremendous in the woodland chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—".
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove;
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her Latona hastes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
"How shall I face the dame who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?

hless goddess! triumph in the skies,
t my conquest, while I yield the prize."
ke; and pass'd: Latona, stooping low,
he scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
:tering on the dust, lay here and there;
r'd relics of Diana's war:
ft pursued her to her bless'd abode,
ll confus'd, she sought the sovereign god;
she grasp'd his knees: the' ambrosial vest
th her sighs, and panted on her breast.
'e superior smil'd, and bade her show
ıvenly hand had caus'd his daughter's wo.
she names his own imperial spouse;
pale crescent fades upon her brows.
hey above: while, swiftly gliding down,
ıters Ilion's sacred town;
ıdian-god now trembled for her wall,
'd the Greeks, though fate forbade her fall.
Olympus, from the war's alarms,
ıe shining bands of gods in arms;
ɔud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
: their thrones around the' ethereal sire.
gh blood, through death, Achilles still pro-
ceeds,
ghter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
avenging flames with fury driven
' towns exert the wrath of heaven;
inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
red vapours purple all the sky:
Achilles: death and dire dismay,
, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
ɔn a turret hoary Priam stands,
ks the waste of his destructive hands;
:om his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
near hero rising on his sight!
no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
led sorrow on his aged face,

Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:
"You to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brasen bars, and shut out death."
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung.
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And gladsome see their last escape from fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen toward the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But he, the god who darts ethereal flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame:
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave;)
In aid of him, beside the beach he sat,
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll;)
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
"What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.

No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,
As soon as night her dusky veil extends
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if?——But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
E'en now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame:
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame."
He said, and stood, collected in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd, the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:

"How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, e'en thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore."
He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in the ethereal arms.
Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape,
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
The god now, distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate:
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies. Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
There safe they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd: chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long defended Troy.
  Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confess'd in all his glory burns;)
"And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heaven,
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."
  The chief incens'd—"Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:

How few in Ilion else had refuge found?
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."
  Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along,
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage:
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries:
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
  "Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.

while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
rom one mother sprung, my Polydore,
v'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
in yonder hostile camp they live,
heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
n'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
(which heaven forbid,) already lost,
le they wander on the Stygian coast;
sorrows then must their sad mother know,
anguish I? unutterable wo!
is that anguish, less to her, to me,
all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
an Achilles! enter yet the wall;
are thyself, thy father, spare us all!
y dear life; or, if a soul so brave
t that thought, thy dearer glory save.
hile yet I live, these silver hairs;
yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
rst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
embling on the verge of helpless age)
love has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
tter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
with scenes of death his closing eyes,
umber all his days by miseries!
oes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
ghters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
eding infants dash'd against the floor;
I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
s e'en I, reserv'd by angry fate
st sad relic of my ruin'd state,
omp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
ain the pavement of my regal hall;
famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
ck their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
my sons I thank ye gods! 'tis well;
ave they perish'd, for in fight they fell.

Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm:
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man fated to be curst!"
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all her sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should'st thou (but heaven avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear!
Far from our pious rites those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;

He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
"Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honour and shame the' ungenerous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No——if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land,)
With honourable justice to restore:
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:

War is our business, but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that, determine heaven!"
Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelean javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendour shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise;
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies.)
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through the aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrag
broad,
(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted groun
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflow
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows:
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might:)

Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife:)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly.
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky;
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:
"Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying; to his fears resign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man. [forms
Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance
The forky bolt, and blackens heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath?
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"
"Go then (return'd the sire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way."
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn,

In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes the' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the labouring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
What god, O muse, assisted Hector's force,
With fate itself so long to hold the course;
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour [pow'
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves wit
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fat
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives th
weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
" O lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.

:at Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
ınk with renown insatiable of war,
ls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight,
ıll more avail him, nor his god of light.
:, where in vain he supplicates above,
l'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove;
ıt here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
d urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
ler voice divine the chief with joyful mind
ey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
ıile like Deiphobus the martial dame
er face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
proach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
' Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
its us now a noble stand to make,
l here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
'hen he: "O prince! allied in blood and fame,
arer than all that own a brother's name;
all that Hecuba to Priam bore, [more!
ıg tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd
ce you, of all our numerous race alone
fend my life, regardless of your own."
ıgain the goddess: "Much my father's pray'r,
l much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
. stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
ne then, the glorious conflict let us try,
the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly;
let us stretch Achilles on the field,
to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
'raudful she said; then swiftly march'd before:
: Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
rnly they met. The silence Hector broke;
dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
: walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.

But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate.
(Eternal witnesses of all below
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due,)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
"Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes,)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No further subterfuge, no further chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
He spoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heaven.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind.
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"
The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
"'Tis so—heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it and admire;"
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares:
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One space at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While, thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent, was Achilles still:
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."
Then Hector, fainting at the' approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To sooth a father's and a mother's wo;

Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accurst! (relentless he replies;
Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
There Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before the Scæan gate."
He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus, unheard, replies:
"Die thou the first! When Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee"—He said and stripp'd the slain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:

While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace:
"How chang'd that Hector who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
"Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, or glory what to me,
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving toward the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;)
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car the' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!
The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of wo:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of wo,
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none,)
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age,
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb?

Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
O had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both the parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!"
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
"Ah why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corpse! inanimated clay!"
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor e'en his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear!
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
And thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
"Ah follow me! (she cried) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.

My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."
  She spoke; and furious with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her steps pursue)
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view,
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls, her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day.)
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
  "O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes we came,
At different periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?

Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
E'en from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded, he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Begone! thy father feasts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear:
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn:
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.

But thou, my Hector, liest expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care;
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!"
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear.
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile: the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

Thus humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore.
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:
These, yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
"Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking coursers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief."
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their wo,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:

"All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre."
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire;
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
The' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore:
"No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And sooth my sorrows, while I bear to live,
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,

And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade:)
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagued squadrons to their posts retire."
He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,
Where, dash'd on rocks, the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise:
In the same robe he living wore, he came:
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
"And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said,)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there the' unbodied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross the irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand; for to the further shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known;
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.

Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
E'en great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave."
"And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
O more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy."
He said, and with his longing arms assay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:
"'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; the' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
E'en now familiar, as in life, he came;
Alas! how different! yet how like the same!"
Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,
Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and wagons sends a chosen band

To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the shock'd axles
But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods, [bound.
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods)
Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.
The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given 'em) to the sandy shore;
There on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants, and squires.
The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
Next these the melancholy band appear,
Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpse their scatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty wo,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er the' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on the' appointed ground
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;

Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then, sighing, to the deep his locks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste:
"Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bowers
Thy altars stand, prefum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles sees his native plain;
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below."
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
And now the sun had set upon their wo;
But to the king of men thus spoke the chief:
"Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——"
He said: the people to their ships return:
While those deputed to inter the slain,
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side;
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep, and sable oxen slay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan
Pour fourth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown:

Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:
"All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpse attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend."
So spake he, threatening: but the gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.
Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
But, fast beside, Achilles stood in pray'r,
Invok'd the gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle Zephyr and the boreal blast:
He call'd the' aërial powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.

She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet, rise, and each invites
The various goddess to partake the rites.
"Not so, (the dame replied) I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
E'en now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
With righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on the' extremests limits of the main.
But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
The western spirit, and the north, to rise;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven."
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew:
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night,
The morning planet told the approach of light;
And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd:

Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in the' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief; meanwhile the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:
"Ye kings and princes of the' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then, as the rites direct,
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margins will be seen
Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men)
These wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to the' infernal shade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise."
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;

There plac'd them round: then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games,)
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd:
An ample double bowl contents the last:
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train:
"Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from ocean's god
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day:
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand!
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car."
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;
But far the first Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed:

With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave,)
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthè her name) at home to end his days;
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.
"My son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bless'd:
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'Tis more by art, than force of numerous strokes,
The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short, or wide, the' ungovern'd courser drive;
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eyes foreruns the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,

And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains;
Enclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race.)
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left hand steed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins,
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; till, doubling, as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
Lest through incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind:
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon."
Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)
Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And, far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
They stand in order an impatient train:
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,

And sends before old Phœnix to the place;
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.
Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.
First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds:
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadows sees.
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey
Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.
The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke:
No more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;

Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust the' unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes:
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, though distant, Menelaüs succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day:
But reach Atrides! shall his mare outgo
Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain,
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then: yon narrow road, before our sight,
Presents the' occasion, could we use it right."
Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
And now Antilochus with nice survey
Observes the compass of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wint'ry torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him toward the steep.
Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
"Hold, stay your steeds.—What madness thus to ride
This narrow way! take larger field (he cried)
Or both must fall"—Atrides cried in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.

Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:
"Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine"—
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries,
"Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
And yield the glory yours"—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The monarch sat: from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and rising, to the Greeks begun:
"Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.

Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right,
Yet sure he seems, to judge by shape and air,
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war."
"Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds, high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain."
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
"Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride!
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness when they pay the price."
He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had replied; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:
"Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! the' approaching steeds your contest end.
No sooner had he spoke, but thundering near,
Drives, through a stream of dust, the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields:
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,

Refulgent through the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.
Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'erpast Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courser in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such, and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthè her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:
"Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass'd
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day."
The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
The award opposes, and asserts his claim.
"Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.

What if the gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground
Perhaps he sought not heaven by sacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus, view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore,
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give
But this my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe."
Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: "The gift propos'd (he cried)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corslet cover'd o'er,
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore)
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus! shall be thine.
He said: Automedon at his command
The corslet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
"The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus! has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath the' ill-gotten prize?

Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground!"

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: "Excuse, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive the' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn."

So spoke Antilochus; and at the word
The mare contested to the king restor'd.
Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said:

"Still may our souls, O generous youth! agree.
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wisest way
To wave contention with superior sway;
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and my own:
Generous alike, for me, the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd; and have greatly done.

I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend."
He said; and, pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noëmon's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares:
"Accept thou this, O sacred sire! (he said)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever lost Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field:
Thy present vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own."
He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king replied:
"Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpass'd Iphyclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus, with the spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:

For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just gods return another day!"
Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles rising thus: "Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away."
This dreadful combat great Ep' us chose;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
"Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin) for who dares deny
This mule my right; the' undoubted victor I?

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
Secure this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcass off the plain."
The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Œdipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropp'd he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting; not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him, reeling through the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;

Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd;
Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife e'en tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
"Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree."
He said; and, straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength to' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ancle struck: the giant fell supine;

Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stir'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied;
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
"Your noble vigour, O my friends, restrain;
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well."
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.
And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race:
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward:
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train:
"Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain."
The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;

Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise;
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays:
The' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise,
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
"Assist, O goddess!" thus in thought he pray'd;
And present at his thought, descends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung and mingled gore.
(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd:
"Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day."

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echoed through the shore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
"Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise;
(A green old age unconscious of delays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man."
The' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,
"Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Not Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold."
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.
Next these a buckler, spear, and helm he brings;
Cast on the plain, the brazen burden rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
"Stand forth the bravest of our host (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore,
The sword, Asteropæus possess'd of old,
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word uprose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand;
Louring they meet, tremendous to the sight:
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms, not long they idly stood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made [new'd.
Through the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd.
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground,
A mass of iron (an enormous round,)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
"Let him, whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
Who furthest hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied
From hence; nor ask the neighbouring city's aid
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade."
Stern Polypœtes stept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Uprose great Ajax; up Epëus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epëus threw; [flew.
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle

Leonteus next a little space surpast;
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends, while loud applauses shake the skies,
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Those, who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,
Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The single, he whose shaft divides the cord."
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unbless'd! No grateful sacrifice,
No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow,
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied:
Adown the mainmast fell the parted string,
And the free bird to heaven displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And following with his eye the soaring dove.
Implores the god to speed it through the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.

The dove, in airy circles as she wheels.
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.
To close the funeral games, Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unsullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
"Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear,
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war."
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius hands.

THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HEC

THE gods deliberate about the redemption of Hec
Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him
storing it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to g
and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding
strances of his queen, makes ready for the journe
he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets
chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents under
of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape
man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles.
versation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his
himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his so
moved with compassion, grants his request, detai
night in his tent, and the next morning sends him
the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The la
of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solem
funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book
body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as
are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. T
partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand;
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought, [fought;
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:

Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust the' unhonour'd carcass lies.
But not deserted by the pitying skies:
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds and tainting air;
And, ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from the' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And the' unrelenting empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene,)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
"Unpitying powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain?
And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide,
In strength of rage, and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy!
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;

To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal: and its will is done:
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heaven:
Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and god."
"If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes (Juno thus replies,)
If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace;
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of heaven.)
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god,
Well-pleas'd to share the feast, amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."
Then thus the thunderer checks the' imperial dame:
"Let not thy wrath the court of heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
But mine, and every god's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay,
(The only honours men to gods can pay)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure queen; let her persuasion move

Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave."
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound)
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As hearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow:
"Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below,
'Tis Jove that calls."—"And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heavenly sight!
Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er, be heaven's almighty sire obey'd—"
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd majestically sad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place)

E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console;
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She tasted, and resigned it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
"Thou com'st fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares:
Nine days are pass'd since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear:
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heaven too far;
Nor let him more, (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead;
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris shall prepare
With gifts to sue; and offer'd to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands."
His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus, snowy tops descends.
Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent:
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
"How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,
And thy heart waste with life-consuming wo:
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Sooths weary life, and softens human pain?
O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heaven too far:

No longer then, (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."
To whom Achilles: Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of heaven."
While thus they commun'd, from the Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
"Haste, winged goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the slow mules and funeral car command,
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of wo!) his face his wrapt attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head,
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:

"Fear not, O father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care:
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive;
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led;
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
"Unhappy consort of a king distress'd!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe."
The hoary monarch thus: Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind;
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?

Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(O heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fallen! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No——pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents' wo!
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night
(Replied unmov'd the venerable man;)
'Tis heaven commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice the' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!"

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold,

Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace:)
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
"What make ye hear? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of wo?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
The same stern god to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian power is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line.
"Inglorious sons of an unhapy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,

And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?"
The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground:
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king)
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied;
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the power divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
"Take this, and pour to Jove; that safe from harms
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven or thy soul, inspire this bold design;

Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon etherial space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the god his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
"'Tis just (said Priam) to the sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?"
He spoke, and bade the attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine:
"O first and greatest! heaven's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
The' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on the car the' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung;
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: "Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind;
Go, guard the sire; the' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."
The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main;
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.

Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
"I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel; Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
Two wretched suppliants, and for mercy call?"
The' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gently, thus accosts with kind demand:
"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view;
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines."
"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bless'd! For scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind."
"Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The sacred messenger of heaven replied)
But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,

To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?"
The king, alarm'd: "Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
Who so well know how godlike Hector died."
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:
"You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half the host:
I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter, my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."
"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains,)
Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains?"
"O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then
The power that mediates between gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.

Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corpse, and clos'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair: [care,
Or all the host of heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead."
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied:
"Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love!
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
E'en to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, O generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the favouring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."
To whom the latent god: "O king forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures the' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."
He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
Before the' inspiring god that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.

And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd: of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus reveal'd—"Hear, prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The king, confirm'd from heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave.

These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
  Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears:
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued
E'en with the best, the dearest of his blood!
  As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd.
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood the' attendants stupid with surprise;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes;
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
  "Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.

Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!
"For him through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
"Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"
These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of wo;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend,
The' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting; then serene began
With words to sooth the miserable man:
"Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou known!
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!

Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree:
They, only they are bless'd, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmix'd, is curs'd indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given;
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heaven.
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he, alas! ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;

Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!"
To whom the king: "O favour'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from [Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!"
"Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes,)
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend:
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame)
Nor com'st thou but by heaven; nor com'st alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad:
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend)
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents bear,
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles and a carpet spread,
They leave; to cover and unwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body and anoint with oil,

Apart from Priam; lest the' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
"If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."
He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sate;
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:
Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes:
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with wo,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobè, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve the' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;

None by to weep them, to inhume them none:
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone)
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
The' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will,)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings;
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
She stands her own sad monument of wo;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
"Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."
He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide.
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd.
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast,
When now the rage of hunger was represt,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:
"Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:

For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my sorrows, and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here.
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive, at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take,
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer:
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey."
"If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heaven!"
"This thy request (replied the chief) enjoy:
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy."
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero, with desiring arms.

But in the porch the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:
"And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."
Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with the mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,

Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common wo."
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains;
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife, and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose:
"Forbear (he cried) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
E'en to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The' obedient tears, melodious in their wo.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corpse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
"And oh my Hector! Oh my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.

Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's wo;
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of wo!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids utter groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
"O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heaven approv'd,
And by the' immortals e'en in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!

Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears;
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the auth'ress of their wo,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by:
On all around the' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:
"Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead."
He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,

Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft; while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun;)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Æneid.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib. xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan; but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaüs her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægysthus, at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægysthus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with his life from his adulterous wife Ægiale: but at last was

received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odyssey.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity,) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. Congreve, and of

March 25, 1720. A. POPE.

Των Θεων δε ευπαια—το μη επι πλεον μη προκοψαι εν Ποιητικηι και αλλοις επιγηδευμασι, εν οις ισως αν κατεσχεθην, ει ησθομην εμαυτον ευοδως προιοντα.

M. Aurel. Anton. de seipso. l. i. § 14.

FINIS.